**"I Grieve" by Peter Gabriel Notes**:  
  
it was only one hour ago   
it was all so different then   
there's nothing yet has really sunk in   
looks like it always did   
this flesh and bone   
it's just the way that you would tied in   
now there's no-one home   
  
i grieve for you   
you leave me   
'so hard to move on   
still loving what's gone   
they say life carries on   
carries on and on and on and on   
  
the news that truly shocks is the empty empty page   
while the final rattle rocks its empty empty cage   
and i can't handle this   
  
i grieve for you   
you leave me   
let it out and move on   
missing what's gone   
they say life carries on   
they say life carries on and on and on   
  
life carries on   
in the people i meet   
in everyone that's out on the street   
in all the dogs and cats   
in the flies and rats   
in the rot and the rust   
in the ashes and the dust   
life carries on and on and on and on   
life carries on and on and on   
  
it's just the car that we ride in   
a home we reside in   
the face that we hide in   
the way we are tied in   
and life carries on and on and on and on   
life carries on and on and on   
  
did I dream this belief?   
or did i believe this dream?   
now i can find relief   
i grieve

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| **The Role of Elegy** |  |
| by [Mary Jo Bang](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/548) | |
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| The role of elegy is  To put a death mask on tragedy,  A drape on the mirror.  To bow to the cultural  Debate over the aesthetization of sorrow,  Of loss, of the unbearable  Afterimage of the once material.  To look for an imagined  Consolidation of grief  So we can all be finished  Once and for all and genuinely shut up  The cabinet of genuine particulars.  Instead there's the endless refrain  One hears replayed repeatedly  Through the just ajar door:  Some terrible mistake has been made.  What is elegy but the attempt  To rebreathe life  Into what the gone one once was  Before he grew to enormity.  Come on stage and be yourself,  The elegist says to the dead. Show them  Now—after the fact —  What you were meant to be:  The performer of a live song.  A shoe. Now bow.  What is left but this:  The compulsion to tell.  The transient distraction of ink on cloth  One scrubbed and scrubbed  But couldn't make less.  Not then, not soon.  Each day, a new caption on the cartoon  Ending that simply cannot be.  One hears repeatedly, the role of elegy is. |  |